[ficlet] Human AU: Abuse.

• Mar. 31st, 2011 at 6:08 AM

Title: Human AU: Abuse.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest.
Pairings/Characters: Gabriel, Lucifer, Michael, Raphael.
Word Count: 744 words.
Summary: Grocery shopping, to no one's surprise, isn't Michael's favorite activity.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt abuse being used for this one. Twenty down, ten to go! (augh, must go faster w/ plot so I don't run out of prompts!)

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

A day passes, then two. Lucifer is tense for most of the second day, expecting to change at any moment.

He doesn't avoid anyone, but he's done answering questions, instead collecting pencil and paper and trying to think of what kind of questions he would ask. (Will ask.)

He doesn't want to have to rely on Michael for answers, after all.

Gabriel really doesn't like Michael.

"What do you *mean*, you don't know what a grocery list is?"

Michael gives him a blank look and shrugs. "You are the only one who has been shopping."

"...I can't believe that," Gabriel says, but then again, he can, because his brothers have demonstrated to him that they are complete and total idiots when it comes to the most basic things that he thought everyone knew.

Raphael's got a decent grasp on things, but half the time Gabriel thinks he's guessing, and there's no hope for Lucifer or Michael. (Maybe some for Lucifer, he thinks, but if Michael doesn't even know how to brush his hair, well. Knowing how to make eggs and shower and put on clothes doesn't save you from Gabriel's judgement.)

"That's it," Gabriel says, and he is going to regret this. "You're coming with me to the store today."

"I'm not," Michael says, and Gabriel bonks him.

"You are. Go get some shoes while I work out this list."

Michael stares at him for a long moment, but something about Gabriel's tone makes him

turn and go for socks.

It's simple after that: Gabriel lets Raphael and Lucifer know they're going, and makes sure Michael's following him as they leave the front door and head for the corner mart Gabriel's been using ever since they got here. (And he can't explain why he remembers the corner store and where he works and all these little things but not this grand angel stuff Lucifer talked about.)

Gabriel turns to usher Michael into the store, but Michael stops in his tracks and looks confused.

"What is it?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Go inside?"

"How does it open?"

Gabriel stares at Michael for a long moment, then steps towards the automatic door, making it swish open.

"It can tell when we're close to it, doofus."

"Ah." Michael cautiously enters the store, and looks back at Gabriel. "How does it tell?"

"I think it's got a light sensor, but I could be wrong. Some technological thing either way." Gabriel shrugs and gets a basket, glancing at the list again.

"So this is a store?"

"Yes. We bring money, pay what they want for their stuff, and get to walk out of here with eggs and stuff."

Michael doesn't look like he understands yet, but Gabriel's ready to get down to business, so he quiets down and starts heading for the dairy aisle.

Three gallons of milk, two dozen eggs, a slab of cheddar cheese, and two boxes of crackers later, Michael is ready for this tour of banality to end. He understands the need for food, but he doesn't understand why humans need to have three varieties on the same kind of food, or why humans need to have *so much* of it.

He does understand why the lower number on the price tag is better, but he doesn't understand why Gabriel keeps grabbing items that are more expensive when there are cheaper alternatives that are the *exact same thing*.

Michael, to be perfectly honest, doesn't understand most of what he's seeing here. He tries to avoid the other humans in the store, and most importantly he stays close to Gabriel.

"Are you finished yet?" Michael asks, more than ready to go.

"Almost. What do you think...twizzlers or some chocolate, or both?"

"I don't know what that is," Michael says, and wishes that Gabriel would just stop asking him questions he can't answer, because it's getting annoying.

"Alright! Then I've got to get both because you need to find out what they are."

"You said that about the last four questions."

"You're the perfect excuse...and hey, we can check out now."

"What does that mean?"

"We're going home after I pay for this. C'mon."

Michael follows Gabriel again and watches yet another human ritual that he doesn't understand. It's beginning to become a trend, he thinks.

It's not something he likes, either, and next time...next time he doubts he'll let Gabriel talk him into leaving the house.

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